

THE KENNEBECKER.

BY HENRY KNOX BAKER.

NO. 1.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The Lover's Leap.—In a part of France, not a hundred miles from the fine port of Saint Malo, stands a town containing some eight thousand inhabitants. Anciently a fortified place of considerable strength, it is pitched on the pinnacle of a high hill, with its antique battlements covered with time's livery, the green ivy, and yellow lichen, still frowning over the peaceful valleys around, and crowning the rocky ridge which confines the river Rance. That valley of the Rance is as lovely as any in Europe: now spreading out for miles, it offers a wide basin for the river, which extending in proportion, looks like a broad lake; now contracting to a narrow gorge, it confines the stream between gigantic rocks, that rise abruptly from its edge, and sombre woods that dip their very branches in its waters. But it is where the town I have just mentioned first bursts upon the sight that the scenery is particularly picturesque. Winding through a deep defile of rocks which cut off the neighboring view, and throw a dark shadow over the river, the stream suddenly turns a projecting point of its shores, and a landscape of unequalled beauty opens on the sight. Rich wooded valleys with soft green sloping sides, broken with crags, and diversified with hamlets, are seen diverging in every direction, with the Rance winding forward in the midst of them; while high in air, lording it over all around, rises the stately rock on which the town is placed, with wall, and battlements, and tower on its extreme verge.

In front, and apparently immediately under the town, though in reality about two miles' distance from it, lies a high, craggy piece of ground which the water would completely encircle, were it not for a narrow sort of isthmus, which joins it to its parent chain of hills. This is called the *Courbure*, from the turn which the river makes round it; and I notice it more particularly from its being the exact scene of my story's catastrophe.

In the town which I have above described, lived some time ago, a very pretty girl, whom we shall designate by the name of Laure. Her mother was well to do in the world; that is to say, as things go in Brittany, where people can live splendidly for nothing at all, and do very well for half as much. However *madame* could always have her *pot a feu* and her *paulet a la broche*; kept two nice country lasses, one as her cook, and the other as *fille-de-chambre*; and had once a year the new fashions from Paris, to demonstrate her gentility. Laure's father, too, had left the young lady a little property of her own, amounting to about

eighty pounds per annum: so that being both a fortune and a belle, all the youth of the place, according to the old Scotch song, were

"Wooring at her,
Pu'ing at her,
Wanting her, but could nae get her."

However, there was something about Laure, which some called pride and others coldness, but which, in truth, was nothing more nor less than shyness, that served for some time as a complete safeguard to her maiden heart. At length the angel who arranges all those sorts of things, singled out a young man at Rennes called Charles —, and gave him a kick with his foot which sent him all the way from Rennes to the town in which Laure abode. It is but thirty miles, and angels can kick much further if you may believe the Normans (I cannot stop for it now; but my dear reader, put me in mind by and by to tell you that story of of saint Michael and the devil, and you shall hear how the saint kicked him from hill to hill for forty leagues or more).

However, Charles's aunt lived not far from Laure's mother, and many a time had she vaunted the graces of her nephew's person. According to her account, he was as tall and as straight as a gas lamp-post, as rosy as a rib-stone pippin, with eyes as brilliant as a red-hot poker, with teeth as white as the inside of a teacup, and his hair curling like the leaves of a savoy cabbage. In short, he was an Adonis, after her idea of the thing; and Laure, having heard all this, began to feel a sort of anxious, palpitating sensation, when his coming was talked of, together with sundry other symptoms of wishing very much to fall in love.

At length his arrival was announced, and Madame — and Mademoiselle Laure were invited to a soiree at the house of Charles's aunt. Laure got ready in a very great hurry, resolving, primo, to be frightened out of her wits with him, and secundo, not to speak a word with him. However, the time came, and when she got into the room, she found Monsieur Charles quite as handsome as his aunt had represented; but to her great surprise she found him to be quite as timid as herself into the bargain. So Laure took courage on the strength of his bashfulness; for though it might be very well for one, she saw plainly it would never do for two. The evening passed off gaily; and Laure, as she had determined from the first, went away over head and ears in love, and left the poor young man in quite as uncomfortable a condition.

I need not conduct the reader through all the turnings and windings of their passion.

Suffice it to say, that both being very active, and loving each other very hard, they got on so far in six weeks, that their friends judged it would be necessary to marry them. Upon this, Laure's mother and Charles's aunt met in form to discuss preliminaries. They began with a few compliments, went on to arrange the money matters, proceeded to differ upon some trivial points, grew a little warm on the subject, turned up their noses at each other, quarrelled like Turks, and abused each other like pickpockets. Charles's aunt called Laure's mother an old cat, or something equivalent; and Laure's mother vowed that Charles should never have her daughter, she'd be—Fie! what was I going to say?

The two young people were in despair. Laure received a maternal injunction never to speak to that vile young man again; together with a threat of being locked up if she was restive. However the Sunday after Paques, Laure's mother was laid up with a bad cold; and from what cause does not appear, but Laure never felt so devout as on that particular day. She would not have stayed away from mass for all the world. So to church she went, when to her surprise and astonishment, she beheld Charles standing in the little chapel on the left aisle. "Laure," (says he, as he saw her,) "ma chere, Laure, let us go out of the town by the back street, and take a walk in the fields." Laure felt a good deal too much agitated to say her prayers properly, and looking about the church, she perceived that as she had come half an hour before the time, there was nobody there; so slipping her arm through that of her lover she tripped nimbly along with him down the back street, under the gothic arch and high towers of the old town-gate, and in five minutes was walking with him in the fields unobserved.

Now, what a long, sad, pastoral dialogue could I produce between Laure and Charles as they walked along! but I will spare my reader that at least. The summary of the matter is, that they determined that they were very unhappy, the most miserable people in existence: now that they were separated from each other, there was nothing left in life worth living for. So Laure began to cry, and Charles vowed he would drown himself. Laure thought it was a very good idea, and declared that she would drown herself too; for she had been reading all Saturday a German romance which taught such things; and she thought what a delightful tale it would make if she and Charles drowned themselves together, and how all the young ladies would cry when they read it, and what a pretty tomb they would have, with "Ci gisoient Charles et Laure, deux amans malheureux" written upon it in large black letters; and in short, she arranged it all so comfortably in her own mind that she resolved she would not wait a minute.

As the devil would have it, they had just arrived at the rocky point which I have before

described, called the Courbure, when Charles and Laure had worked each other up to the necessary pitch of excitement and despair. The water was before them, and the only question was, who should jump in first; for the little landing-place from which they were to leap would hold but one at a time. Charles declared that he would set the example; Laure vowed it should be no one but herself; Charles insisted; but Laure being nearest the water, gained the contested point, and plunged over.

At that moment, the thought of what he was going to do, came over Charles's mind with a sad qualm of conscience, and he paused for an instant on the brink. But what could he do? He could not stand by and see the girl he loved drown before his face, like an intruding rat upon a supernumerary kitten. Forbid it Heaven! forbid it love! and so in he went too, not at all with the intention of drowning himself, but with that of bringing Laure out; and being a tolerable swimmer, he got hold of her in a minute.

By this time Laure had discovered that drowning was both cold and wet, and by no means so agreeable as she had anticipated; so that when Charles approached, she caught so firm a hold of him as to deprive him of the power of saving her. It is probable that under these circumstances her very decided efforts to demonstrate her change of opinion, might have effected their original intention, and drowned them both, had not a boat come round the Courbure at that very moment. The boatman soon extricated them from their danger, and carried them both home, exhausted and dripping, to the house of Laure's mother. At first the old lady was terrified out of her wits, and then furiously angry; but ended, however, by declaring, that if they drowned themselves again, it should not be for love, and so she married them at once.—*Lond. N. Mo. Mag.*

Conscious of her worth, and daring to assert it, I would have a woman early in life know that she is capable of filling the heart of a man of sense and merit; that she is worthy to be his companion and friend. She runs a risk (you will say) of never meeting her equal: hearts and understandings of a superior order are seldom met with in the world; or when met with it may not be her particular good fortune to win them. [1] True, but if ever she wins she will keep them; and the price appears to me well worth the pains and difficulty of attaining.

[1] This would be idle reasoning. So because to cultivate and refine the mind would render its sensibility to painful as well as to pleasurable sensations more exquisite, it might be absurdly argued that mental cultivation and refinement is an evil. An intellectually superior woman would be happier with a man not her equal than an inferior woman, because the former would possess many sources of pure pleasure of which the latter can know nothing; and indeed a woman of sense and feeling, if deprived of the endearments and advantages of marriage, would doubtless be "more blest Than vulgar souls may be of all they seek possessed." Ed.

SERIOUS EXTRACTS.

Religion.—Impress your minds with reverence for all that is sacred. Let no wantonness of youthful spirits, no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into profane sallies. Besides the guilt which is thereby incurred, nothing gives you a more odious appearance of petulance and presumption in youth, than the affectation of treating religion with levity. Instead of being an evidence of superior understanding, it discovers a pert and shallow mind, which, vain of the first smatterings of knowledge, presumes to make light of what the rest of mankind revere. At the same time you are not to imagine that when exhorted to be religious you are called upon to become more formal and solemn in your manners than others of the same years; or to erect yourselves into supercilious reprovers of those around you. The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability. It is social, kind, and cheerful; far removed from that gloomy and illiberal superstition which clouds the brows, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirit, and teaches men to fit themselves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of this. Let your religion, on the contrary, connect preparation for heaven with an honorable discharge of the duties of active life. Of such religion, discover on every proper occasion that you are not ashamed; but avoid making any unnecessary ostentation of it before the world.—*Blair.*

Formation of Character.—It is ever to be kept in mind that a good name is in all cases the fruit of *personal exertion*. It is not inherited from parents; it is not created by external advantages; it is not necessarily an appendage of birth, or wealth, or talents, or station; but the result of one's own endeavors, the fruit and reward of good principles, manifested in a course of virtuous and honorable action. This is the more important to be remarked, because it shows that the attainment of a good name, whatever be your external circumstances, is entirely within your power. No young man, however humble his birth, or obscure his condition, is excluded from the invaluable boon. He has only to fix his eyes upon the prize, and press towards it, in a course of virtuous and useful conduct, and it is his. And it is interesting to notice how many of our worthiest and best citizens have risen to honor and usefulness by dint of their own persevering exertions. They are to be found in great numbers, in each of the learned professions, and in every department of business; and they stand forth, bright and animating examples of what can be accomplished by resolution and effort. Indeed, my friends, in the formation of character, personal exertion is the first, the second, and the third virtue. Nothing great or excellent can be acquired without it. A good name will not

come without being sought. All the virtues of which it is composed are the result of untiring application and industry.

Thousands of young men have been ruined by relying for a good name on their honorable parentage, or inherited wealth, or the patronage of friends. Flattered by these distinctions, they have felt as if they might live without effort, merely for their own gratification and indulgence. No mistake is more fatal. It always issues in producing an inefficient and useless character. On this account it is that character and wealth rarely continue in the same family more than two or three generations.

In the formation of a good character, it is of great importance that *the early part of life be improved and guarded* with the utmost carefulness. The most critical period of life is that which elapses from fourteen to twenty-one years of age. More is done during this period to mould and settle the character of the future man, than in all the other years of life. If a young man passes this season with pure morals and fair reputation, a good name is almost sure to crown his maturer years, and descend with him to the close of his days. On the other hand, if a young man, in this spring season of life, neglects his mind and heart; if he indulges himself in vicious courses, and forms habits of inefficiency and slothfulness, he experiences a loss which no efforts can retrieve, and brings a stain upon his character which no tears can wash away.

Youthful thoughtlessness, I know, is wont to regard the indiscretions and vicious indulgences of this period as of very little importance. But believe me, my friends, they have great influence in forming your future character, and deciding the estimation in which you are to be held in community. They are the germs of bad habits; and bad habits confirmed, are ruin to the character and the soul. The errors and vices of a young man, even when they do not ripen into habit, impress a blot on the name, which is rarely effaced. They are remembered in subsequent life; the public eye is often turned back to them; the stigma is seen; it cleaves fast to the character, and its unhappy effects are felt to the end of his days.

A fair reputation, it should be remembered, is "a plant delicate in its nature, and by no means rapid in its growth." A character which has cost many years to establish, is often destroyed in a single hour, or even minute. Guard, then, with peculiar vigilance, this forming, fixing season of your existence.—*Hawes's Lectures.*

No man ever offended his own conscience, but first or last it was revenged upon him for it.—*South.*

More hearts pine away in secret anguish for unkindness from those who should be their comforters, than from any other calamity in life.—*Young.*

POETRY.

Consumption,

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

There is a sweetness in woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away;
When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
And the tint that glowed, and the eye that shone,
And darted around its glance of power,
And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower
That ever in Pæstum's garden blew,
Or ever was steeped in fragrant dew;
When all that was bright and fair is fled,
But the loveliness lingering round the dead.

Oh! there is a sweetness in beauty's close,
Like the perfume scenting the withered rose;
For a nameless charm around her plays,
And her eyes are kindled with hallowed rays;
And a veil of spotless purity
Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly die,
Like a cloud whereon the queen of night
Has poured her softest tint of light;
And there is a blending of white and blue,
Where the purple blood is melting through
The snow of her pale and tender cheek;
And there are tones that sweetly speak
Of a spirit who longs for a purer day,
And is ready to wing her flight away.

In the flush of youth and the spring of feeling,
When life like a sunny stream is stealing
Its silent steps through a flowery path,
And all the endearments that pleasure hath
Are poured from her full overflowing horn;
When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn;—
In her lightness of heart, to the cheery song,
The maiden may trip in the dance along,
And think of the passing moment that lies
Like a fairy dream in her dazzled eyes,
And yield to the present, that charms around
With all that is lovely in sight and sound,
Where a thousand pleasing phantoms flit,
With the voice of mirth and the burst of wit,
And the music that steals to the bosom's core,
And the heart in its fulness flowing o'er
With a few big drops that are soon repressed
(For short is the stay of grief in her breast):
In this enlivened and glad some hour,
The spirit may burn with a brighter power;
But dearer the calm and quiet day
When the heaven-sick soul is stealing away.

And when her sun is low declining,
And life wears out with no repining;
And the whisper that tells of early death
Is soft as the west wind's balmy breath,
When it comes at the hour of still repose
To sleep in the breast of the wooing rose;
And the lip that swelled with a living glow
Is pale as a curl of new-fallen snow;
And her cheek like the Parian stone is fair,
But the hectic spot which flushes there
When the tide of life from its secret dwelling,
In a sudden gush, is deeply swelling,
And giving a tinge to her icy lips,
Like the crimson rose's brightest tips,
As richly red, and as transient too,
As the clouds in autumn's sky of blue,
That seem like a host of glory met
To honor the sun at his golden set;—
Oh! then when the spirit is taking wing,
How fondly her thoughts to her dear one cling,
As if she would blend her soul with his
In a deep and long-imprinted kiss:
So fondly the panting camel flies
Where the glassy vapor cheats his eyes,
And the dove from the falcon seeks her nest,
And the infant shrinks to its mother's breast.
And though her dying voice be mute,
Or faint as the tones of an unstrung lute,

And though the glow from her cheek be fled,
And her pale lips cold as the marble dead,
Her eye still beams unwonted fires
With a woman's love and a saint's desires;
And her last fond lingering look is given
To the love she leaves, and then to heaven,
As if she would bear that love away
To a purer world and a brighter day.

Song to the Air of "Coolon Das,"

BY THOMAS MOORE.

They know not my heart, who believe there can be
One stain of this earth in its feeling for thee;
Who think while I see thee in beauty's young hour,
As pure as the morning's first dew on the flower,
I could harm what I love, as the sun's wanton ray
But smiles on the dewdrop to waste it away.

No, beaming with light as those young features are,
There's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far:
It is not that cheek, 't is the soul dawning clear
Through its innocent blush, makes thy beauty so dear;
As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is looked up to the more because heaven is there.

Life,

BY E. G. L. BULWER, AUTHOR OF "PELHAM."

Our life is as a circle; and our age
Turns to the thoughts and feelings which engage
In our young morn the vision and the vow;
For manhood's years are restless, and we learn
A bitter lesson, bitterer for the truth,
Which suits not with the golden dreams of youth,
And wearies us in age; and so we yearn,
Sated and palled, for boyhood's bliss once more.

But ere the world forsakes us, on we flow
Passive and reckless with the mingling tide,
Till night comes on, and passions which betrayed
Our reasons quit the ruins they have made;
The winds are lulled; the burying waves subside,
And leave upon the lone and sterile shore
The baffled bark their wrath had wrecked before. [1]

[1] From a volume printed in Paris in 1826, but not published, entitled "Weeds and Wild-flowers, by E. G. L. B." It consists of a poem that obtained a university prize, a poem on Milton, and several smaller pieces.

The Wedding Ring,

BY MARY R. MITFORD.

Nay, Annie, start not thou aside,
Nor strive to reach the door,
When we have ta'en a ten mile ride
To view the goldsmith's store.
See that gay brooch, that bracelet see,
And that fine glittering thing;
And look (oh! dearer far to me!)
On this plain golden ring.
Wilt thou not look? Nay, shrink not, sweet,
Nor turn thine eyes away:
What canst thou see in yon dull street,
And this no market-day?
Two children toddling home from school,
Linked gravely hand in hand;
An old wife perched upon her stool
Beside her apple stand;
A burly burgess, grand of pace
As vessel under sail;
A bandboxed miss, all smirk and grace,
With flounce, and scarf, and veil;
And, as I live, on spavined steed,
Our vicar, spare and wan:
Full soon may we his reverence need—
Heaven shield the holy man!
Nay, Annie, catch not back thy hand,
Nor turn away thine eye,
Nor hang thy head, nor sidling stand,
As the whole world were by.
There's none to scare my trembling dove,
Or her sweet shame to see.
Ay, that's the very finger, love,
And that the ring for me.

LIGHT READING.

Fashionable Vocabulary.

[ORIGINAL.]

Honesty—(obsolete)—A word formerly in use in the "land of clocks and wooden nutmegs."

Duel—An honorable murder that protects one's character from *disgrace*.

Lottery ticket—An animal that devours all the cash of loungers.

Ardent spirits—A very fashionable *medicine* for the preservation of *vice*.

Happiness—Known only by name to the wealthy, but very common to the *sof*.

Pedler—A character, "half horse, half alligator," mounted on an old cart filled with tin, and thus ranging the country to "accommodate the women."

Love—An animal that expires at the approach of an "old maid"—a dangerous plaything for young people.

Poet—A lovesick simpleton who tags rhymes together with or without the assistance of the muses—the most pitiable fool in town.

Single blessedness—For the definition of this you are referred to the maids of thirty-six who are still "too young to be married."

Matrimony—(in contradistinction to freedom)—A sort of apron-string bondage.

Printer—(look at this)—One who labors hard to diffuse knowledge through the community, and takes his pay in *promises*—generally found with both pockets filled to overflowing with *anticipation*.

Editor—One who writes for fame, and finds himself; who destroys newspapers with a pair of scissors, and usually rejects the able productions of

QUIB. [1]

[1] **Correspondent**—One who has no more conscience than to inflict his nonsense upon the editors without paying the postage.

Ed.

"Tuck in your ruffle, Thomas; we have a few nails to make" (said a blacksmith to his son as he came from school at twelve o'clock). Thomas tucked in his ruffle, and took off his coat, and was a blacksmith till he had earned his dinner, and then ate it with a good relish. "Pull out your ruffle, Thomas; it is school-time now" (said the father). This is the picture of one day; but it would answer just as well for a good many others. Thomas expected it, and felt as happy at the anvil with his ruffle tucked in as his mates at their play.

It would be no bad notion "in these hard times," for many a young man to "tuck in his ruffle," and swing an axe, or hold a plough, or make a nail; for many a young man, whose expectations of riches from the gains of trade are sadly disappointed, to earn a living in some calling which the world honors less, but pays better; some humble occupation, which, while it holds out no delusive hope of immense wealth by a single speculation, assures him of compe-

tent food and raiment. We would here recommend agriculture in a special manner. Not such farming as consists in first running in debt for lands, and mortgaging them back for payment, then borrowing money to put up fine buildings, and then hiring men to carry on the farm; no, this is not the way. But lay your own shoulder to the wheel, tuck in your ruffle, and earn your bread by the sweat of your brow. It will be the sweetest you ever ate.

Anecdotes.—An honest Dutchman, on his return from the Pennsylvania legislature, was accosted by one of his constituents who wished to learn what new laws had been passed: "Well, squire, what have you made this session?" "Oh!" (replied he) "beshure I knows not vat de resht make; I make two hunderdauler."

A young rake half seas over coming into the London opera one evening, instead of calling to the boxkeeper as usual, was led by some confusion of ideas to bawl out, (naturally enough perhaps,) "I say, hostler, show me into my stall."

Part of an Heroic on Hasty-pudding,

BY A WESTERN POET.

To mix the food by vicious rules of art;
To kill the stomach, and to sink the heart;
To make mankind, to social virtue sour,
Cram o'er each dish, and be what they devour;
For this the kitchen muse first framed her book,
Commanding sweat to stream from every cook.
Childrea no more their antic gambols tried;
And friends to physic wondered, why they died.

How to catch owls.—When you discover one sitting on a tree, and it is looking at you, move quickly round the tree several times: the owl's attention will be so firmly fixed, that forgetting the necessity of turning its body with its head, it will follow your motion until it wrings its head off. "Upon my life it's true: what 'll you lay it's a lie?"

Newspaper Paragraphs.

Let those laugh who win.—The true division of parties is between the "ins" and the "outs." The N. Y. Courier, one of the ins, has the following bit at the outs: By the waves of Potomac they sat down, and wept That the broom of reform had their offices swept; And the National Journal reechoed their moan, That the reign of corruption and bargain was done.

Removals.—It is said in the Essex Register, that it has been ascertained by nearly 100 observations that the latitude of Salem is 42 deg. 31 m. 21 sec. being 1 m. 40 sec. further South than by former observations. Boston has also been "removed" something less than a degree. Removals are multiplying to an alarming extent.—There's no calculating where we shall all be at the end of Jackson's term.—Essex Gaz.

Newspaper Borrowers.—The Gloucester Telegraph says:—"If your neighbor is able to pay for a paper, refuse to lend him one—2d offence, if he will not subscribe, show him the door. It is a beggarly and mean thing to be always borrowing a newspaper—a poor person is welcome to one from our office."

Translation.—Cur, canis! dog, thou singest! Cur canis? why dost thou sing?—N. Y. Courier.

THE KENNEBECKER.

THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1829.

Salutatory.—Gentle public, to whose candor and liberality so many compliments have been paid by dependent quill-drivers, who "by this craft [do] earn their bread," the Kennebecker makes his bow before you almost unannounced, and modestly solicits your approbation. You probably, ladies and gentlemen, have never seen exactly such a publication as the Kennebecker: it is not strictly literary or religious, critical or theological, news or political, but a combination of all that is worth having (there is modesty for you) in all of them. In a word—

Public.—Stop, Mr. Kennebecker, what party do you belong to?

Party! do you mean to insult me? I can tell you I am neither partisan nor sectarian; I am independent.

Public.—That is to say, you are a fenceman, a twaddler, or as John Neal would say a *twattler*.

Very well, call me what you please: names do not alter things; "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet" (as Juliet says, and as every young lady is convinced before she will consent to merge her own name in that of a husband). Besides, I infinitely prefer the denomination of "twattler" to that of "partisan." What is meant by "a twattler," in common parlance, is, a reasonable, candid, and reflecting man, who looks on human nature with a philosophic eye, and seeing merits as well as faults on all sides, is willing to "praise where he can, but censures where he must." Such a man votes on every question before the electors, and votes as his principles dictate.

Public.—For whom do you boasted "principles dictate" that you shall vote for the office of governor?

It is not a fair question; but I will answer it thus far: I have three decisive objections to the candidate nominated by the Augusta convention: first, he is an excellent judge of the court of common pleas, and no successor would fill his place; secondly, he is a bachelor, as well as Gov. Lincoln, and to establish a dynasty of bachelors to reign over us would be a violation of the rights of married men, and an infringement upon the privileges of the ladies; thirdly, his name is Smith, a name certainly from which nothing uncommon or extraordinary can be anticipated. Indeed a Gov. Smith must be a very unsafe character; for how could impartiality be expected from him, surrounded as he would be by all the clan of Smiths. I especially think that a governor of that name of military predilections would be dangerous to our free institutions. How easy it would be for him, if so disposed, to form a corps of Smiths before whom not even Maine militia would stand! Or he might by intrigue get a majority of Smiths elected to the Legislature, and change the name of the state to Smithfield. (I say nothing of course against ladies of the unlucky cognomen of Smith, as they can get rid of the name when they please.) Even Lord Byron, reckless as he was, would not have voted for a Mr. Smith, if we may judge from his manner in mentioning those who distinguished themselves at a Russian siege:

"Amongst them were several Englishmen of pith;

Fifteen named Thompson, and nineteen named Smith."

Public.—But what say you to the other candidate? he is a Kennebecker as well as yourself.

Nevertheless I think some objections *lie* against him; and—and—I don't know but I shall be a candidate myself.

—But enough: the ladies will complain if they are treated to a dish of politics at the very outset of our career. What care they who is governor of the state, while

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above?"

We do assure you, ladies, "with cap in hand, on bended knee," that the Kennebecker shall be as sentimentally literary as ever a blue-stocking belle of you all, at times. We protest against being judged by the first number, as we mean to improve astonishingly. Moreover, we

hereby promise to pen a "sonnet to the eyebrow" of every fair-one who will subscribe for the paper, if she will make personal application. And what is still more, "love" shall not rhyme with "dove," nor "sigh" with "die"; but all the rhymes be as original as her own wit, the ideas as beautiful as her own loveliness, and the language as fine as her fashionable dresses.

In conclusion, (this to all,) the Kennebecker will be not altogether a literary paper, nor altogether a newspaper, but combine a selection of interesting "reading matter" with a concise record of passing events, to be useful, instructive, and entertaining. Those who like the plan will subscribe for a quarter; and then, if they do not like the execution, they need not continue subscribers. They will get four hundred and sixteen very large pages for one dollar, at the end of the year; making a very handsome volume, if they choose to get it bound.

The Kennebecker will in future be published regularly on Thursday morning every week. We shall endeavor to have agents in most of the villages in the vicinity, to receive the advance money, and deliver the papers. Those who send by mail or from a distance can forward the pay for a year, or several can put their quarter's subscriptions together.

This number of the Kennebecker will be sent to a few of our editorial brethren; but as we shall print but a limited number of copies, we shall not be able to exchange with any of the fraternity.

In future we shall endeavor to confine the news department to two pages.

U. States against T. Watkins, Circuit Court D. C.—Judge Cranch delivered the opinion of the court overthrowing the indictments; Judge Thruston dissenting. A new indictment was immediately presented; the defendant's counsel demurred; and the whole case was reargued. Judge Cranch delivered the opinion of the court June 11, (Judge Thruston dissenting as before,) on the demurrer to the 3d indictment, sustaining the former decision against the sufficiency of the indictments. This decision was grounded on the principle, that in indictments for fraud sufficient facts must be averred to lead to the legal conclusion that fraud had been designed and perpetrated; that when acts in themselves innocent are alleged, the circumstances making them illegal must be distinctly averred; and that frauds against the U. States must be set forth with the same distinctness and precision as frauds against individuals.

Explosion.—The steam-frigate *Fulton*, used as a receiving ship for sailors at the navy-yard in Brooklyn, was blown up June 4, by the explosion of the magazine. About 100 privates and several officers were on board, 24 of whom are known to be killed, besides 23 wounded, and many missing. No officers were killed, and none are missing. Lt. S. M. Breckenridge has since died; his wife is dangerously wounded; Lt. C. T. Platt severely; Lt. A. M. Mull and his wife slightly; and several midshipmen more or less. The accident is believed to have originated with the gunner, who went into the magazine for powder just before the explosion. He was a man of intemperate habits, and was probably intoxicated at that time. It was his first day in office, he having superseded his predecessor that morning, by way of "reform." Thus were nearly 30 deaths, and an incalculable amount of human suffering, caused by a solitary case of "rewarding friends and punishing enemies." The managers of the Park theatre appropriated the proceeds of the evening's performance June 6, to the relief of the widows and orphans of the sufferers.

A correspondent has furnished the following facts: "The number of steamboats in Great Britain last winter was 310, averaging between 80 and 90 tons each; of which 57 belonged to the port of London, and 16 more were then building. The vessels belonging to the government were not included in this amount. Some steamboats also belong exclusively to Ireland."

Foreign News.

Great Britain.—In the House of Lords May 4, the marquis of Anglesea made a speech in defence of his administration as lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and the duke of Wellington replied. Lord Goderich presented a petition, May 14, from the inhabitants of Upper Canada, complaining of grievances under which they have labored for a series of years. The duke of Wellington said many of the grievances complained of could be remedied by the colonial parliament, and other measures prayed for were of doubtful expediency.

In the House of Commons, May 5, a motion to transfer the franchise of East Retford to the town of Birmingham was lost, 111 to 197. Mr. Huskisson supported the motion, stating that the borough of East Retford afforded a case of proved corruption. Mr. Peel preferred giving the franchise to the adjoining hundred of Bassetlaw.

The subject of opening the trade to India and China, by abolishing the East India Company monopoly, was introduced into the House of Commons May 14. A motion was made for a select committee to inquire into the state of the trade between Great Britain, the East Indies, and China. The ministry opposed the motion, on the ground solely that the shortness of the session would not allow of the subject being properly investigated, and that they intended to collect the documentary evidence, and lay it before parliament early the next session. The London Courier says: "Perhaps there never was submitted to Parliament a question affecting more important interests, involving more vital considerations, the fate and fortunes of so many millions, professing different modes of faith, different habits, different customs; a question more closely connected with the power, the splendor, and the dignity of the British empire."

In the House of Commons, May 15, Mr. O'Connell appeared, and was conducted to the table by Lords Duncannon and Ebrington. Mr. Ley informed the Speaker that Mr. O'Connell had taken the oath provided by the Relief bill. The Speaker remarked that as Mr. O'Connell was elected before the passage of that bill, he could not be admitted without taking the oaths then in force; and to maintain the dignity and privileges of the House he must order him immediately to withdraw. This order he respectfully complied with. Mr. Brougham observed that the member from Clara had a right to state his reasons for the course he had taken, and moved that he be called back for that purpose. On this motion a long debate took place, which was finally adjourned to the 18th.

Some of the London papers assert that the duke of Wellington wishes to check the ambition of Russia as regards Turkey, but the king does not coincide with him in sentiment, and a "coolness" between them has been the consequence of their disagreement.

The Turkey merchants of London were about to remonstrate to the government against the extension of the Russian blockade of the Dardanelles, which (they said) had put an end to all commerce with Turkey.

A fire broke out May 11 in the house of Mr. Carlisle, the infidel bookseller in Fleet-street, London, which destroyed the Sun tavern &c.

There had been riots amongst the weavers in Spital-fields and Stockport, who demanded higher wages.

France.—The duke de Laval Montmorency, for some time ambassador to Austria, had accepted the appointment of Minister of Foreign Affairs. M. Calemard de Lafayette had been assassinated in Paris. A scientific expedition to circumnavigate the globe was fitting out at Toulon.

It was reported that the emperor of Brazil had solicited the hand of a daughter of the duke of Orleans, and that he had offered his daughter, Donna Maria, queen of Portugal, to the duke's eldest son.

Portugal.—A courier had arrived at Lisbon from Madrid with despatches of importance, which caused great excitement at court. Their contents were supposed to be that the allied powers were about to take immediate measures to end the tyranny of Don Miguel.

Spain.—Cadiz was to become a free port May 30. Greater activity of business prevailed there than for some years past, in anticipation of this event.

Rome.—The new Pope had restored to the Jews and to christian dissenters the privileges of which they were deprived by his predecessor, and seemed disposed to act with liberality. A Hamburg paper of May 5 says: "It is reported in Bavaria that the new Pope intends to abolish the celibacy of the clergy."

Poland.—The emperor of Russia had proclaimed his intention to be crowned as king of Poland at Warsaw. The empress is to participate in the ceremony.

Russia, Greece, and Turkey.—A letter from Smyrna, March 25, states that the Russians had destroyed Lizonpuri and Messevria, 2 small seaports on the Black Sea, north of Constantinople. The Turks with 5500 men attacked the fortress of Sizopole April 8, but were repulsed with a loss (according to the Russian account) of 257 men left dead on the field. The Russians had 28 killed and 72 wounded. The Turks retreated over the mountains to Bourgas. An engagement took place March 5 between Gen. Hesse with 2531 Russians, and a body of Turks headed by the pacha of Trapezunt, which lasted 4 hours. The Turks were routed, leaving 163 killed, a number of arms, and the whole of their baggage. Their whole loss in killed and wounded was 1000. The loss of the Russians was 37 killed and 159 wounded. 6000 men were to be landed at Bazardjik to impede the communication between the Turkish capital and the Turkish army in Asia. The headquarters of the Russian army were at Gallata. As soon as Redschid Pacha, the new grand-vizier, arrived at Shumla, he despatched Hussein Pacha with a corps upon Varna, intending himself to advance by the Bazardjik road, and support him; while the garrisons of Silistria and Guigevore were to make vigorous sorties. The Russian grand army had not crossed the Danube March 11: the grand-duke Michael was expected in a few days, to put himself at the head of the corps before Silistria. Letters from Bucharest, April 18, assert that the Turkish troops recently arrived on the Danube from Asia had brought the plague; and the Russians, alarmed, had partially retreated, and taken various precautions. Advices to April 13 say that the Sultan had reestablished the free trade in corn, and the capital was well supplied.

All efforts to effect an armistice between the Greeks and Turks of Candia had failed: the Greeks continued to devastate the country. The castle of Lepanto surrendered to the Greeks March 27, and it was presumed the fortress and city would meet with the same fate, as the Turks were in want of provisions. The Turkish garrison at Missolonghi had offered to capitulate: this was the last fortress in Eastern Greece in the hands of the Turks, except the Acropolis of Athens. Prince Ypsilanti had resigned his command in consequence of a brother of the President being set over him. Col. Fabvier, unable to obtain employment, had retired to the headquarters of the French army at Navarin, and had been attached to the staff of Marshal Maison.

The catholics of the isle of Syra had petitioned the Pope to intercede with the allies that they may return under the dominion of the Turks, on account of the vexations they had endured from the Greek schismatics.

Admiral Maleolm had sailed with his fleet from Malta for Naples, to convey the English and French ambassadors thence to Constantinople.

A letter from Ancona says that the U. States having failed to obtain from the Porte the cession of an island in the Mediterranean, had opened a negotiation with the same object with the Greeks, with a prospect of success.

Persia.—The murder of the Russian minister and suite had excited considerable sensation; but the Shah had endeavored to make every reparation. The British minister at Tauris, Mr. Mac Donald, had cautioned the Shah that unless the murderers should be punished, no foreign minister could consider himself safe in the country. The British embassy put on mourning for 2 months.

Liberia.—Accounts from the cape of Good Hope to March 8 state that vegetation had suffered from drought and immense flights of locusts.

New Publications.—Ann of Geierstein, by Walter Scott, was to be published in London May 22. There were also announced Letters from Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, Palestine, &c., by R. R. Madden; Tales of My Time, by the author of "Blue Stocking Hall"; The Exclusives, a novel in "illustration of the recherche pursuits of fashionable life," by "an authoress of royal blood."

The 2 first volumes of the Works of Thomas Jefferson have been printed in Charlottesville, Va. They will not be published till the other 2 shall be finished.

The new edition which Sir Walter Scott has promised of his novels (pursuant to a plan on which he has employed himself for some years past,) will occupy *forty volumes*. The original matter to be inserted in these volumes will amount to two volumes, making the twentieth part of the whole work. The first two numbers were engaged to appear on the first of the present month of June; and going on at the rate of two for every second month, the last delivery will be in August 1832. Each volume is to contain about 400 pages in royal 18mo. at the price of 5 shillings sterling; the dedication being by permission to the King. Engravings on steel plates (an invention for which the world is indebted to Mr. Jacob Perkins, formerly of Newburyport,) to be made by the first engravers, after the designs of the first painters, will accompany the work; each volume having a frontispiece with a vignette in the title page. Neither the stories of the original novels, nor the manner of telling them, are to be altered, except to correct errors of the press and slips of the pen; but the style is intended to be improved by the suppression of what is redundant, and by small changes to add to its spirit; like the last touch of an artist to his work. A general preface will be given for the whole; and an introductory notice added to each separate novel, with an account of the sources from which the plan of it has been taken; as also a glossary to furnish the meaning of obscure words, and notes to explain particular circumstances. The novels to appear in the present year are to be Waverley, Guy Mannering, the Antiquary, and Rob Roy.

Reform.—The courthouse in Augusta has been converted into a theatre, and, it is said, without the consent of the proper authorities. "O trumperey! O Moses!" (as Cicero would say.)

William Wirt (late Attorney-general of the U. States) arrived in Boston June 15, to argue an important case before the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts.

Fourth of July.—In Boston, James T. Austin will deliver an oration; in Worcester, John Davis, member of Congress; in Manchester, before the Temperance Society, John P. Cleaveland of Salem.

The Legislature of Massachusetts propose to lay a tax of \$75,000. For several years they have laid no state tax; and the consequence is that the treasury is \$100,000 in debt, and annually getting poorer.

Harvard University.—Josiah Quincy was inaugurated as President of Harvard University June 2. A crowded audience attended. The colleges were brilliantly illuminated in the evening. Nathan Dane of Beverly has recently made a donation to this institution of \$10,000, for the establishment of a law-professorship, Joseph Story (Judge of the U. S. Supreme Court) to be the first professor. When this donation was announced at the inauguration dinner, H. G. Otis gave as a toast, "*Non timeo Dan-aos dona ferentes.*"

The corner-stone of the first lock of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, about 7 miles above Georgetown, D. C., was laid by the Grand Master of Masons in the district of Columbia May 29. The President, Secretary of War, Postmaster-general, &c., were present.

Oxford County.—At a Jackson meeting in Paris, Judah Dana Chairman, and Jairus S. Keith Secretary, Daniel Hutchinson of Hartford and James Steele of Brownfield were nominated as candidates for the State Senate to be supported at the ensuing election.

New Hampshire.—The Legislature has elected Dudley S. Palmer Secretary of State instead of Richard Bartlett, and William Pickering Treasurer instead of Samuel Morrill. Mr. Palmer is Isaac Hill's substitute as editor of the N. H. Patriot.

Rhode Island.—The election of Representatives to the 21st Congress will take place Aug. 25. Tristram Burgess and Dutee J. Pearce are candidates for reelection. Mr. Bull of Newport is a Jackson candidate.

Florida.—Joseph M. White has been reelected delegate to Congress.

Marriages.

In Gardiner, Mr. Freeman P. Patten to Miss Mary Stone.

In Waterville, Mr. Bryant Moor of Sidney to Miss Joanna Trafton; Mr. George Mac Intire of Fairfield to Miss Frances E. Clarke.

In Bangor, Mr. Albert A. Dillingham to Mrs. Caroline Allen, both formerly of this town.

Deaths.

In this town, June 13, aged 19, Miss Mary P. Barrows, daughter of John Barrows.

In Winthrop, on Saturday morning last, aged about 30, Levi Morgan jr. of this town, by hanging himself in the barn of Elijah Fairbanks, whose family he was visiting with his wife. It appears that he took the rope with him from this town the morning before. Mr. Morgan belonged to a respectable family, and sustained a fair character in the community.

In Augusta, aged 27, Louisa Dewey, wife of William Dewey, merchant.

In Waterville, aged 43, Hannah Blackwell, wife of Russell Blackwell.

In Industry, very suddenly, aged 16, Miss Caroline Heald, daughter of Calvin Heald of Norridgewock.

In Norridgewock, drowned, Thos. Whitcomb, aged 60.

In Pittston, aged 28, Lydia P. Kendall, wife of William Kendall, and daughter of David Blenn: she was as well in the morning as she had been for years, but died within 13 hours.

In Whitefield, aged about 27, Naomi Newall, wife of Joseph Newall.

In Norridgewock, aged 83, Nathaniel Rogers, formerly of Exeter, N. H.

In South Berwick, aged 86, Ichabod Goodwin, for many years Sheriff of York county.

In Sunkhaze, aged 73, of consumption, Samuel Bailey, a soldier in the Revolution; in Bolton, Mass., aged 91, Jonathan Houghton, a soldier in the old French war, and at the battle of "old Ti" in 1757 or 8, a lieutenant at Bunker-hill, and afterwards a captain of minute-men; in Carlisle, aged 89, Samuel Heald, one of those who met the British on the North Bridge in Concord April 19, 1775, and afterwards a captain; in Lexington, Mass., aged 83, Nathan Munroe, one of the soldiers who met the British on the plains of Lexington, where the first blood was shed; in Middleburg, N. Y., aged 98, Michael Wilson, who was born on the same day with Washington in Wrentham, Mass., and was a soldier in the French war, and a patriot in the Revolution; in Harford county, Md., aged 70, Parker H. Lee, a lieutenant under Lafayette, Howard, and Washington in the Revolution; in Amherst county, Va., aged 73, Richard Pendleton, a soldier at the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, &c.

On board the brig Hercules, at the southwest pass of the Mississippi, aged 22, David R. Ross of Philadelphia, of a consumption supposed to have been caused by his exertions last autumn in rescuing Miss Cooper of Delaware from drowning in the Schuylkill, and his returning home 6 miles without changing his clothes.

In Hamilton, O., May 19, John C. Symmes, the author of the theory of open poles and concentric spheres, a native of New Jersey, and during the late war a captain in the U. S. army, in which situation he distinguished himself on the northern frontier.

☞ This paper is published weekly, at 25 cents a quarter in advance, at the printing office of ROBINSON & BAKER, Hallowell.